

from the Author 4.

E L E G I E S

A N D

S O N N E T S

BY SAMUEL KNIGHT, A. M.

OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

—JUSSIT AMOR: PROCUL HINC, PROCUL ESTE SEVERI,
NON ESTIS TENERIS APTA THEATRA MODIS.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

"Elegy VI. Defence of the minor poets" contains on p. 29,
line 7 a reference to Gay's "Fan": also a minor ref. to Pope on the
same page, lines 5+6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Elegies of Mr. HAMMOND are now very generally known to be translations from TIBULLUS; but so happily are they executed, that they have justly given him no undistinguished rank among the English Poets.

The Author of these now submitted to the Public would have been happy to have avoided a comparison in which he is conscious of great disadvantage to himself, the sole merit of originality excepted. As, however, the very title-page may occasion that comparison, he wishes to assign a reason for differing in one instance from a Writer he greatly admires.

The Roman imagery, and allusion to Roman customs and manners, with which Mr. HAMMOND's Elegies abound, would

be highly improper, were he considered in any other view than as the Representative of TIBULLUS. As such he is justly excusable: but what has a modern Writer to do with the Heathen Deities?

The Reader will therefore observe, that the personification of the Passions supplies their place.

This plan has been already adopted by some of our best Writers; nor was it neglected by the Antients themselves: but surely no authority is necessary to vindicate Personification, the Offspring of Nature and Common Sense, and the Parent of almost every Grace that beautifies modern Poetry.

E L E G I E S.

B 2

ELEGY

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ELEGY I.

ON UNFORTUNATELY FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE MISTRESS
OF A FRIEND.

AH me! what means the frequent rising sigh
That from myself I labour to conceal?

Ah! what the starting tear, the downcast eye,
And those soft pains I must, yet dare not feel?

With numerous friends by bounteous Fortune blest,
The gay companions of each social hour,

Ah! why does pining Grief invade my breast,
That shrinks with horror from the sullen Power?

Too well, alas ! the fatal signs I know,
 My heart too oft has felt these pangs before ;
 From Love, from Love alone, these torments flow ;
 Tyrant, avaunt ! I bear thy chains no more.

Tyrant, avaunt ! Reflection guards my heart,
 And Prudence bids me all thy wiles disdain ;
 Thus armed, my bosom scorns thy wonted art,
 And common Beauties frown or smile in vain.

And would'st thou yet thy cruel power extend ?
 Thus foiled, ah ! mean'st thou other snares to try ?
 And wilt thou force my stubborn soul to bend ?
 O Love ! expose me not to Laura's eye.

Fool that I am my weakness to reveal,
 When silence can alone secure my pride !
 Yet why attempt that weakness to conceal
 Which from myself, alas ! I cannot hide ?

And

And sure the fatal truth was known before,

Even now I fall a tame resistless prey ;

Reflection, Prudence, Pride, can guard no more,

All, all submit to Love's almighty sway.

Unjust to Friendship, and unjust to me !

Could'st thou not kindle some less hurtful flame ?

Because with Damon's, all my thoughts agree,

Say, must my love and Damon's be the same ?

Oh ! that my bosom could alike remain

True to my love, and to my friendship true !

But I must quit my love, my friend to gain,

Or lose my friend, if I my love pursue.

Yes, Friendship is an awful sacred name,

And all her votaries gain deserved applause ;

But Love, alas ! asserts a stronger claim,

And soon or late we all obey his laws.

But

But yet should Love my fickle heart invade,
 And from my bosom force a hopeless sigh
 When I behold the soft, the beauteous Maid,
 For whom my absent friend would gladly die;

Shall I not tear the passion from my breast,
 That, but in thought, would bid me wrong my friend?
 —Against the force of Love have all confest
 'Tis vain, alas! 'tis folly to contend.

One transient glance from lovely Laura's eye
 Breaks my resolves, and all my foul disarms;
 Forgot is Damon, when my Laura's by,
 And Friendship's smile submits to Beauty's charms.

If for a rival thou canst pity know,
 That pity, Damon, I may justly claim;
 For Grace and Innocence on her bestow
 Unbounded power to raise an amorous flame.

But

But why should I her countless charms recite ?

'Tis folly to repeat her praise to thee :

My love too plain appears from what I write,

Nor can thy pity with that love agree.

Torn from thy friendship, or from Laura's love,

Where can I fly ?—each sentence wounds alike :

Death, Death alone, my sorrows can remove,

See my bare bosom, here let Damon strike.

Nor let him then refuse a pitying tear !

And oh ! with his, thy tears my Laura blend !

Thus to reward my love, ah ! do not fear ;

'Twill wound no lover, and 'twill wrong no friend.

“ Here rests a Youth, (these lines my tomb shall bear),

“ Whose fate the hardest heart must surely move :

“ Even black Detraction shall his memory spare ;

“ To friendship true, alas ! and true to love.”

E L E G Y II.

HE DESCRIBES HIS SITUATION IN THE COUNTRY BEFORE HE
HAD SEEN DELIA, AND HIS STATE OF MIND AFTER-
WARDS IN HER ABSENCE.

FAR from the tumult of the noisy town,
Where busy Commerce throngs the ample street,
With sweet Content, to restless Pomp unknown,
Joyful I fled, and chose this calm retreat.

Blest in my humble wish by bounteous Heaven,
How bright to me did every valley shine!
For then some friendly Power to me had given
The mind to make all Nature's blessings mine.

Nor

Nor feldom would my foul well-pleas'd reflect

On vanities forgot, and joys despis'd ;

Experience taught fuch follies to reject,

And prize alone the joys by Wifdom prized.

Nor yet the humble manners of the plain

Beneath the dignity of man I thought,

Nor scorn'd this noble leffon, " Be humane,"

To each unlettered youth by Nature taught.

Thus wifely free from every fordid care,

No favoured fwain was e'er more truly blest ;

Gay was my heart, no paffion harboured there,

Even Love was banifhed from my quiet breaft.

Calmly I bask'd in Fortune's noontide ray,

And bleffed the day that gave this peaceful fcene,

And fondly thought the prefent ftill was Mây,

And judg'd each future month as May ferene.

Yet now in vain I check the rising sigh,
 While all my grief these tender lines unfold;
 My wondering vale beheld bright Delia's eye,
 Her powerful charms restored the Age of Gold.

But ah! too soon the Fair these vallies left,
 For sure the golden Age with Delia fled;
 Pensive and sad, of Her and Peace bereft,
 I muse with folded arms and drooping head.

Lonesome I sit beneath yon spreading beech,
 (Full oft my Delia on that seat reclined),
 And Recollection's ready pencil teach
 To trace her beauteous image on my mind.

Oft I reflect on joys now flown away,
 And curse the hour when first I viewed her charms,
 But ah! more often curse the fatal day,
 That snatched my Delia from my longing arms.

E L E G Y III.

HE COMPLAINS THAT THE VARIOUS AMUSEMENTS AND DI-
VERSIONS OF THE TOWN COULD NOT ENABLE HIM
TO CONQUER HIS PASSION FOR DELIA.

YE gay Amusements, and ye vain Delights,
Fantastick Nymphs of proud Augusta's train;
Court'd by every fool whom thought affrights,
Who joys to fly from Reason's hated reign.

In vain I fought your fond delusive aid,
To sooth the anguish of my wounded heart;
To raze from thence the image of the Maid,
Whose radiant beauty gave the lasting smart.

In

In vain I fought (whom Love has rendered blind),

In the thronged Mall a more angelic Fair ;

In vain, alas ! I fought—I could not find

Half such angelic charms as Delia's there.

“ Let me but break this cruel chain, I cried,

“ Thy slave, O Love, for ever shall obey ;

“ Some other Nymph shall o'er my heart preside,

“ A willing subject to her gentle sway.”

His suppliant Love refused, for well he knew,

The youth who once could break fair Delia's chain,

Who once to such a nymph could prove untrue,

Would view all other charms with cold disdain.

Then, wretched captive ! while each tedious night

Reftless I trod Diversion's giddy round,

The fleeting Pleasures mocked my dazzled sight,

While Disappointment on their votary frowned.

In

In vain the tabor's lively sound invites,

If Delia join not in the sprightly dance;

Vain, melting Music! are thy soft delights!

Enchanting Beauty! vain thy amorous glance!

My wondering friends when sweet Seftini sung,

Saw me in silence wipe a falling tear;

Such heavenly notes from sweeter Delia's tongue

I once enjoyed, but Delia is not here.

Ah! were she here to sooth my pensive soul,

And more, much more than melody restore;

Her magic voice would every sense controul,

And, sweet Seftini, thou be heard no more.

Vain schemes of bliss! I sought the masquerade

To nurse my passion in some apt disguise;

O Abelard, thy habit lent⁺ its aid,

Nor softer tears once trembled in thy eyes.

I called

I called on absent Eloïsa's name

But Delia, all my vows were paid to thee ;

To Abelard no Eloïsa came,

In vain I sigh'd, no Delia came to me.

Ye gay, ye thought-dispelling scenes, adieu !

Ye cannot love, alas ! nor grief dispel !

But Reason sure can teach her chosen few

To conquer Grief, and Love himself to quell.

Yes, Delia, Reason will my call obey,

So shall thy absence less regretted prove ;—

Fond boast ! resistless is thy sovereign sway,

And Reason's self submits to mighty Love !

ELEGY

E L E G Y IV.

ON DELIA'S BIRTH-DAY, IN WHICH SHE FIRST CONFESSED A
MUTUAL PASSION.

LOVE, Hope, and chaste Desire, shall bless the day,
And every softer Power its care shall claim,
When first I saw the conscious blush betray
The welcome secret of my Delia's flame.

That opening morn no cloud shall e'er obscure,
No rising mist deface that evening sky,
And, as it fades, each star of influence pure
Rival the sister beams of Delia's eye.

No other day of all the circling year

An equal share of happiness can prove ;

My Delia's natal hour, how truly dear !

Yet dearer still is that of Delia's love !

The sun that rising saw the swains rejoice,

Setting, beheld their copious tears to flow ;

One day her beauty gave, and fixed her choice,

Their source of pleasure, and their source of woe.

That day such perfect bliss to me has shewn,

The Muse in vain my rapture would express,

Since it has given to me, and me alone,

Alike her beauty, and her love to bless.

E L E G Y V.

FROM THE COUNTRY TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

IN the deep umbrage of a solemn grove,
 Where Contemplation's parent, Silence, reigns,
 Save when the cooings of the mournful dove
 Speak in expressive notes Love's tender pains,
 These lines I write; say, can my much loved friend,
 Moving in Diffipation's higher sphere,
 To humble scenes and rural lays attend,
 Nor will a theme so rude offend his ear?

I trust it will not ; for, if right I deem,

His soul is formed such follies to despise :

Pomp he esteems an idle glittering dream,

And titles lose their lustre in his eyes.

Him more delight the joyous train of May,

That, decked with flowers, her rural orgies hold ;

Than the vain circle of the proud and gay,

That shine in courts with orient gems and gold.

Then come, dear friend, oh ! come with me to share

The fragrant pleasures of the laughing Spring :

Oh ! leave the city, leave the sons of Care ;

Here every hour some new delight shall bring.

The fairest Maid of all the humble vale,

(Nor fairer Maids in any vale are found,)

For thee at eve shall rob the milky pail,

And fill the cup with wine and nutmeg crown'd.

But

But though her form the ruffet gown disguise,

Still let my cautious friend of love beware :

Her modest blushes, and her downcast eyes,

May prove the fatal source of endless care ;

For, oh ! if Love once enter, then no more

Even in a cottage hope a mind serene :

Where Love abides, Peace ever shuns the door,

And seeks on trembling wing a safer scene.

E L E G Y VI.

DEFENCE OF THE MINOR POETS.

ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.

THERE are, my friend, who flight the gentle Muse,
 That to the vale inglorious would retire,
 And nothing scorn the modest task to chuse
 With careless hand to wake the rural lyre :
 The calm delights sequestered scenes afford,
 The harmless pleasures of the village-swain,
 The hearty welcome, and the frugal board,
 These humble themes their lofty minds disdain.

The

The charms of beauty, and the tale of love,

Best by the silent-speaking eye exprest ;

The secret shady walk, the conscious grove,

For ever by the happy lover blest ;

If such the song, what though the favoured lays

Blend Hammond's tenderness with Prior's ease ;

Expects the Muse for this the meed of praise ?

Sweet Trifler, cease ! aspire no more to please.

For them the drum must beat, the trumpet found ;

Opposing bands in dreadful conflict join ;

For them unnumbered heroes bite the ground,

And kingdoms fall, to fill their vast design.

For them the dagger, or the poisoned bowl

Fraught with slow death, their savage aid must lend ;

Mad Jealousy must fire the impassioned soul,

Or fell Despair the tortured bosom rend.

Shall

Shall then the Epic and the Tragic Muse

Snatch with invidious hand the tuneful bays,

And, lawless sway assuming, dare refuse

Their modest Sister's humbler wreath of praise?

Forbid it Love! forbid it every Power

Whose gentle ties the willing heart enslave!

Still shall the swain in many a roseate bower

Sweetly attune the oaten reed ye gave.

Yes, still shall Love the youthful poet aid,

(And Love must sure the coldest fancy warm,)

His pleasing task to praise his favourite Maid,

To paint the splendour of her angel form;

To bid his pencil all her beauties trace,

To steal the milder lustre of her eyes;

To mark with rapture each attractive grace,

And catch her kindling blushes as they rise.

Such

Such blushes overspread his Clöe's cheek.

While love-sick Prior trembled as he drew ;

Where shall we now such bashful sweetness seek ?

Ah ! Leonora, 'tis posselt by you !

Shall cold Oblivion ever snatch the lay

That consecrates Belinda's * lock to Fame ?

Shall Time destroy the fan of gentle Gay ?

Or blot a page that boasts fair Emma's † name ?

Shall we lose thee, sweet Nancy ‡ of the Vale ?

No more shall Phillida ‡, shall Jeffy ‡ charm ?

And shall not tender Hammond's lovelorn tale

The softened breast of unborn Beauties warm ?

Rival of Pindar, O immortal Gray !

(For sure no secondary fame is thine !)

Hard by the village church I see thee stray,

While simple Nature prompts the moral line.

* Pope.

† Prior.

‡ Shenstone.

E

Yet

Yet innocent of Troy and War's alarm,
 Even Mantua's Muse would seek the beechen shade;
 Nor does the rural picture cease to charm,
 Nor, simple though they be, the colours fade.
 Nor, Shakspeare ! did thy heaven-born muse disdain
 To sing of Oberon and his sprightly queen,
 Whose moon-light revels on the daified plain
 Full oft were by the wondering shepherd seen.
 And thou, immortal Bard ! by Seraphs crowned !
 Whether with lively Mirth, and Pleasure gay,
 Thou listen to the jocund rebeck's sound,
 Or frame the melting melancholy lay ;
 Still dost thou charm no less than when thy song
 Majestic, bids our fearful eyes behold
 Angelic combat, and the rebel throng
 Down from the verge of Heaven headlong rolled.

Since then the noblest of the tuneful art

Have deigned to lay aside the bolder lyre,

And touch with sweet simplicity the heart;

With me, my Friend, the artless strain admire.

Convinced, Ambition's fond pursuit give o'er;

Content be thou with milder rays to shine:

Few can attain the wreath that Milton wore,

But Hammond's myrtle chaplet may be thine.

E L E G Y VII.

HE LAMENTS THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS, AND DESCRIBES
THEIR LAST PARTING.

COME all ye Youths who long have loved in vain,
Scorned or neglected by the obdurate Fair,
Yet still in absence drag the inglorious chain,
The unpitied victims of deserved despair ;
Oh ! come and listen to my plaintive song :
Far sadder woes than yours my song relates ;
And, while my notes their mournful sounds prolong,
Confess, yourselves what milder doom awaits.

Say,

Say, shall the Youth, with generous passion fraught,

Pine for the fordid Maid whom Interest sways ?

Or waste in absence one uneasy thought

On her who yields to Flattery's idle praise ?

Say, shall the fluttering slave of pride and dress,

Whose empty mind no merit e'er could move ;

Shall such a Maid that heart an hour possess

Which Nature formed for friendship and for love ?

Shall she who boasts herself for conquest born,

And views with scorn each subject Love has made ;

Shall she meet other fate than scorn for scorn,

Or gain one wreath that shall not quickly fade ?

For shame ! be Men ! despise the unworthy Fair

Whom Interest, Pride, or Love of Power controul ;

Lo ! Wisdom's voice appalls the fiend Despair,

And whispers peace and comfort to the soul.

May smiling Beauty bless your better choice,

And Love's pure flame with steady lustre shine !

My sorrows never may ye share !—the voice

Of Wisdom scarce can sooth a grief like mine.

I mourn no heartfelt wounds of scorn or pride,

No venal Mistress can my peace molest ;

For idle state my Fair-one never sighed,

Ambition never heaved her gentle breast.

The glittering pomp and pageantry of dress,

Vain Folly's admiration, she despised ;

She wished no other conquest to possess

Than one :—that one above the World she prized.

Loving, beloved, what blissful days we knew !

Even absence half our wonted joys retained ;

On rapid wings the rapid moments flew,

While the warm language of the heart remained.

While

While the warm language of the heart that flowed
 Spontaneous from the pen that Love supplied,
 With scenes of recollected pleasure glowed,
 Or bade the flatterer Hope our sorrows hide.

What artless grace, what elegance of thought,
 What softness in each tender billet shone !
 Wert thou, Eliza, by some Angel taught,
 Or hear'st thou Nature's voice and Love's alone ?

If simple Nature can such grace impart,
 If Love so harmonize each melting line ;
 Her voice must far surpass the skill of Art,
 And Love o'er verse assert a power divine.

To whom, Eliza, dost thou now unfold
 Those sorrows gentle minds too often prove ?
 No more, alas ! these eager eyes behold
 The welcome messengers of constant love.

Never,

Never, oh never must I see them more,

Doom'd to obey a Parent's stern decree ;

Yet still thy loss in secret I deplore,

Still sigh unheard, still weep unseen for thee.

Reflection oft recalls the fatal day

When, dumb with grief, I looked the last adieu :

Even now I see thy tears :—Eliza, say,

To thee is Memory as unkindly true ?

Even now I view the solitary seat

Where Silence rules the melancholy grove ;

Sequestered spot ! Eliza's dear retreat !

Where oft, retiring, she indulged her love.

Oh ! to that fatal seat no more retire :

Approach no more that melancholy grove :

Far different thoughts those scenes will now inspire,

Far keener pangs excite than those of love.

Those

Those scenes beheld the anguish of my heart,

They heard these lips repeat the mournful tale ;

Heard my tongue falter,—“ Yes, for ever part !

“ Eliza ! Duty must o’er Love prevail !”

They saw me print the last, last lengthened kifs,

Saw stealing down our cheeks the silent tear :

“ May Heaven, I cried, yet grant Eliza bliss !”

Then, sighing, turned from all my soul held dear.

What struggling passions then my bosom tore !

Scarce conscious of my Being, on I passed ;

“ And shall I ? yes,” I cried, “ one, one look more !”

“ But that, oh Heavens ! that look must be the last !”

I turned, yet scarce beheld the pensive Fair ;

The trees that moment veiled her from my sight :

Then first I felt the horrors of Despair ;

Then would have blest thy shades, eternal Night !

Tears, copious tears, relieved my swelling breast,

Yet motionless I stood, of sense bereft;

So dark a storm my labouring soul oppressed,

Not one faint ray of soothing hope was left.

And now the beach with flow and mournful pace

I sought;—there oft Eliza went to stray,

Pleased in the sound her lover's name to trace,

And with past scenes of bliss delude the day:

Even when I left the beach I dropped a tear:

(The soul attuned to woe what trifles move!)

Parting from objects she had rendered dear,

Appeared a second parting from my Love.

Sleep that sad night ne'er closed these wearied eyes:

The anguish I endured, ah! who can tell?

Ere Morning's earliest beam had streaked the skies

I bade that much-loved coast a last farewell.

Now,

Now, far remote, Doubt heightens all my cares,

For while, uncertain of Eliza's fate,

For her I weary Heaven with ceaseless prayers ;

Perhaps those very prayers arrive too late !

Be still, my Soul ! such gloomy thoughts dispel :

Heaven surely guards the good and virtuous breast :

Calm Resignation there shall ever dwell,

There sweet Serenity for ever rest.

Content diffused mild lustre from her eye,

Mild were the accents of her angel tongue ;

I saw her half repress a rising sigh,

While thus, prophetic, fair Eliza sung :

“ Why do I mourn ? ah ! why do I complain ?

“ Rest on this hope, my sad despairing Heart !

“ In happier regions we shall meet again,

“ Shall meet again, and never more shall part.”

Kind Angels ever guard thee, much-loved Maid !

And oh ! that soothing comfort still be thine !

Farewell !—farewell !—be Heaven's high will obeyed !

To bless thee with my latest breath be mine !

E L E G Y V I I I .

HE FORBIDS THE UNFEELING AND AVARITIOUS TO MOLEST
THE RETREAT OF LEONORA.

O Void of feeling, whom the melting eye
And conscious blush of Beauty cannot charm ;
Whose hardened bosoms never heave a sigh,
Whose hearts no generous passions ever warm ;
If chance should lead you near the humble cot
Where Love and Joy with Leonora dwell ;
Oh quickly turn aside, approach it not ;
Your steps unhallowed would profane the cell.

O void of virtue, ye whose worthless hearts

The fordid bands alone of Avarice keep ;

Who love, where Fortune power and wealth imparts,

But if she blefs not, leave the Maid to weep ;

Be gone, nor Leonora dare molest :

This grove no refuge gives to impious feet.

Still fhall the vale be peaceful as her breaft,

The happy vale that holds her calm retreat.

Ye beauteous fcenes that bleffed my early youth,

That gave her firft to thefe admiring eyes ;

Oft have ye heard our vows of mutual truth,

Our vows of love that knew no mean difguife.

Ah ! ftill be ours, ye venerable groves,

The evening walk in your fequeftered fhade ;

Ours the fweet converfe Heaven itfelf approves,

Ours the chafte love of fcandal not afraid.

Fortune

Fortune in vain shall that pure love annoy
 Which founds on virtue its unshaken base ;
 Not icy Age can e'er its warmth destroy,
 Nor Time its image from the breast efface.

E L E G Y IX.

HE COMPLAINS OF THE ABSENCE OF DELIA.

EVEN in the early hours of new-born Love,
 Ere smiling Hope first soothed her infant care,
 What poignant anguish was I doomed to prove
 Torn from the presence of my charming Fair !
 Yet what were then, dear Girl, the joys I lost ?
 —Imperfect, faint, imaginary bliss :
 A transient glance, a flattering smile,—at most,
 Half granted, half denied, a hasty kiss.

Did

Did absence then o'erwhelm my soul with grief

When but a glimpse of Paradise was given?

Ah! who, my Delia, now shall grant relief,

From Heaven itself, from thy embraces driven?

O melting transports! ravishing delights!

When to my breast I strained the yielding Fair:

Ye days of pleasure, and ye rapturous nights,

What do ye now but add to my despair?

And can I live, thus torn from all I love,

When equal cares my Delia's heart oppress?

Hope whispers, "Absence shall our bliss improve,

"And yet superior joys our meeting bless."

Ah! Delia, does the flatterer whisper truth?

"Superior joys!"—alas! that cannot be:

Thou canst not, Delia, bless thy faithful youth

With greater joys than he has known with thee.

E L E G Y X.

TO THE MUSE, WHO ALONE CAN GIVE HIM PLEASURE IN
THE ABSENCE OF DELIA.

O Come, sweet Muse, indulge thy pensive strains ;
With thee, uninterrupted, let me stray :

Thy tuneful voice alone can sooth my pains

While the enchanting Delia is away.

In vain Diversion lends her feeble aid,

Even Nature's charms a sickly aspect wear :

What sports can please without the beauteous Maid ?

What scenes delight me, that she cannot share ?

O come,

O come, sweet Muse, indulge thy penfive strains;

Pour the most melting melancholy lay :

Ah ! fure some magic spell thy lyre retains,

For thou canst please, though Delia is away.

A tender joy pervades my softened soul

Whene'er the music of thy voice I hear :

Who taught thee thus Love's anguish to controul,

Repress the sigh, and stop the flowing tear ?

Such power can Delia's name alone supply ;

In that consists the magic of thy lays :

Ah ! happy Muse ! what lyre with thine can vie,

Whose every note resounds with Delia's praise !

E L E G Y XI.

TO DELIA, WRITTEN IN A VIOLENT STORM AT MIDNIGHT.

T WAS night : fatigued, I pressed the lonely bed ;
How blest in sleep thy Angel Form to see !

But, ah ! too soon the heavenly Vision fled,

Too soon, my Delia, was I torn from thee !

Red lightnings glare, loud peals of thunder roar ;

The howling winds even with the thunder vie ;

The bursting clouds a copious deluge pour,

And midnight Horror reigns o'er all the sky.

O dismal

Oh dismal night ! with tenfold terrors fraught !

My fears for thee o'er Reason's voice prevail ;

That flash—no more !—distracted's in the thought !

Strike *me*, ye Lightenings, ere I hear the tale.

Oh ! wert thou here, my Love, my only Care,

How would I fold thee trembling in my arms ;

Sooth every rising fear, thy anguish share,

And shield thee from the tempest's rude alarms !

The tempest then perchance might rage in vain,

And balmy Sleep might seal those lovely eyes,

In soft oblivious bands my Fair retain

'Till smiling Morn restore serenest skies ;

But far from me the beauteous Maid remains ;

Assist her, Sleep, in this tremendous hour !

If now my Delia wear thy silken chains,

For ever will I bless thee, gentle Power !

E L E G Y XII.

TO DELIA.

HE RELATES THE PAIN HE EXPERIENCED FROM A DREAM
THAT REPRESENTED HER AS FALSE, BUT CONCLUDES
WITH STILL BELIEVING HER TRUE.

O Thou beloved Mistress of my heart,
What fears, what anguish have I felt for thee!
From doubt and jealousy's corroding smart
May thy soft bosom be for ever free!
The envious Phantoms of the gloomy night
Gave the deceitful vision to my view:
How could I for a moment bear the sight?
Ah! rather how believe the vision true?

These

These eyes, alas ! beheld thy yielded charms,

O perjured Delia, by another prest:]

They saw thee melting in another's arms,

They saw thee panting on another's breast.

Affection, Horror, Rage, Revenge, Despair;—

Each o'er my soul a short-lived Tyrant reigned;

The fierce contention was too great to bear,

Tired Nature sank, nor long the shock sustained.

Loft in a senseless trance long time I lay :

Waking, what horrors crouded on my mind !

I sickened at the chearful face of day,

And every hope to Jealousy resigned.

Oh had the stroke that instant reached my heart,

Then had my breast escaped this burning pain ;

Then had I mocked, in death, the envenomed dart :—

Now the fell poison creeps through every vein.

Ah !

Ah! canst thou, Delia, save me from Despair?

Art thou yet true?—O, equally renowned,

Rival the ardour of the faithful Fair

Who sucked the poison from a Husband's wound!

My fears subside:—thou art, my Delia, true:

No longer then the pleasing task forbear:

Here from the task no danger can ensue:—

Oh! I would die ere thou my anguish share.

'Come then to these fond arms, my only Love!

For this, what anguish would I not endure?

'What poison, Delia, can I fear to prove

If thy dear lips prefer the balmy cure?

ELEGY

E L E G Y XIII.

HE LAMENTS HIS APPROACHING RETURN INTO THE COUNTRY.

SOON, ah ! how soon ! returns the cruel day

That tears me from my weeping Fair one's arms :

Alas ! no longer, Delia, must I stay,

No longer must possess thy heavenly charms.

I who each morn thy tender smiles enjoy,

And press each eve the bed of soft delight ;

Ah how the irksome day shall I employ !

Ah how shall I endure the joyless night !

Haply when wearied Nature finks to rest,
 Sleep may thy image to my sight restore ;
 But while I strive to clasp thee to my breast,
 Even then the sweet illusion is no more.

Again I stretch my eager arms—in vain,
 Distracting thought ! 'no Delia can I find,
 But wake, alas ! to all my former pain,
 And languish for the bliss I leave behind.

Such the sad prospect opening to my view :
 Does Fancy's hand the dismal outline trace ?
 —Even while I write, I find the picture true :
 Even while I speak, I feel the last embrace.
 The bright effulgence of the summer sky,
 The new-mown meadow, and the golden field,
 All the delights the loveliest scenes supply
 To my distracted mind no joy can yield.

Amid

Amid these lovely scenes I pine forlorn,

And grudge Augusta's fons their smoke and noise ;

Envious, with tears, behold each smiling morn,

While absent Delia every thought employs.

Ah ! were she here to bless my rural seat,

The country then no more would smile in vain.

—Why do I dream of happiness compleat ?

'Tis not for man !—no more, my heart, complain.

E L E G Y . XIV.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER, TILL WHICH TIME HE IS
DETAINED FROM DELIA IN THE COUNTRY.

CLAD in autumnal gold the forest shines,
And the faint sun with horizontal ray,
Too soon the dreary world to Night resigns,
Whose ebon sceptre boasts superior sway.
Ah! soon to Winter must hale Autumn yield,
And frequent clouds the angry sky deform;
The driving snow soon whiten every field,
And the bare forest bend before the storm.

The cheerless scene afflicts the thoughtful swain :

That settled gloom proclaims his grief sincere :

Even now he feels anticipated pain,

And gives to future ills a present tear.

Do I, my Delia, in his sorrows join ?

Say, do I drop a sympathizing tear ?

And mourns, my Love, this tributary line

The faded beauties of the expiring year ?

The paler blossoms of the early Spring,

Summer's warm tints with brighter glow that shine,

To no enraptured mind more joy could bring,

Full well thou know'st, my Delia, than to mine ;

Yet pleased I now behold the storm prevail,

With joy the forest's scattered honours see ;

And every blast that howls along the vale

More sweetly sounds than Music's voice to me,

Ah !

Ah ! tell me, Delia, need the Muse declare

Whence I enjoy this wreck of Nature's charms ?—

—Relentless Summer forced me from my Fair ;

Kind Winter will restore her to my arms.

O Autumn ! how I bless thy boisterous nights !

What charms for me has yonder faded grove !

Thy storms are harbingers of soft delights,

Each falling leaf a messenger of Love.

S O N N E T S

2 O N E T 2

S O N N E T I.

TO DR. HEBERDEN.

AS oft, when summer heats too long prevail,
 Or blighting winds their baleful influence spread;
 The smiling beauties of the season fail,
 And not a flowret lifts its languid head :
 If chance, when Eve extends her shadows pale,
 Soft clouds drop health o'er all the purpled bed ;
 What new-born verdure o'er each field is shed !
 What new-born incense floats in every gale !
 Thus, on the bed of want when Virtue lies,
 O HEBERDEN, thy bounteous aid is given :
 Thy hand unseen the secret boon supplies,
 (Refreshing as the silent dews of Even,)
 Whose ever-during fragrance mounts the skies ;
 Incense, how grateful to the throne of Heaven !

S O N N E T II.

To * * * *

SUCH soft compassion warms thy generous breast.

Still with success the Suppliant's prayer is crowned :

Whether by sickness, age, or want, oppress,

For every care some lenient balm is found :

'Tis sure enough to succour the distress,

But Virtue such as thine admits no bound ;

Thy rest is lost in giving others rest,

And while thy Pity heals, it shares the wound.

Thus (all the perils of the tempest o'er)

From the famed tree, Arabia's richest boast,

When copious streams of healing balm pour,

And the glad merchants bless the happy coast ;

The generous plant too soon shall they deplore

That while it yields most balm, is wounded most.

SONNET

S O N N E T III.

ON LOVE.

AH! who can say, to him that fondly loves
 How strangely various every hour appears?
 For roving with the wind his Fancy roves,
 And now in joys is lost, and now in tears:
 If chance one ray of hope his bosom cheers,
 Despair too soon the flattering scene removes;
 Then the severest snares of Fate he proves,
 Surmizes, groundless Doubts, and jealous Fears.
 Oh sad resemblance of an April day!
 Gay smiles the morn, deceitfully serene,
 Yet while it flatters, yields a dubious ray,
 And clouds, and sudden darkness intervene,
 Defraud the promise of approaching May,
 And blast with ruthless storms the beauteous scene.

S O N N E T IV.

TO LEONORA.

IF crouds of wretched Youths in tears complain,

By Fortune parted from some haughty Fair

Who treats their tender vows with cold disdain,

Nor grants one gentle smile to sooth their care;

Do I, my Leonora, weep in vain

Since none with me thy smiles could ever share,

And this, in absence, still augments my pain

That mutual as our love, is our despair?

Thus, when his Master's dreaded voice confines

The unwilling school-boy in the hour of play;

If at the harsh decree he yet repines

Though winds and chilling rains deform the day;

Ah! how much more when Morn serenely shines,

And Spring invites, and all the meads are gay!

SONNET

S O N N E T V.

YE open foes of Love's bewitching art,
 Believe a youth by sad experience wise !
 Ne'er from Employment's beaten road depart,
 Nursed in the lap of Sloth the Infant lies :
 Love's fatal arrow never wounds the heart,
 When Vigilance her sevenfold shield supplies ;
 That once removed, then Beauty wings the dart,
 And with too certain aim, alas! it flies.
 The Veteran thus, whom hardy Valour warms,
 Firm in his duty, still maintains his post ;
 While the raw Youth, betrayed by Pleasure's charms,
 Submits a prisoner to the adverse host :
 Him smiling Peace restores to Freedom's arms,
 But Beauty's captive is for ever lost.

S O N N E T VI.

To LEONORA.

REFLECTION on my glowing mind shall paint
 In pleasing colours that shall never fade
 Those charming scenes when I without restraint
 With thee, my lovely Leonora, strayed :
 To thee my absent Fair, my only faint,
 Thy votary's ardent vows are ever paid ;
 But thou, alas ! art deaf to his complaint,
 Nor grant'st the boon for which he long has pray'd :
 Ah ! give me soon, thou dear relentless Fair,
 Some kind remembrance to relieve my pain,
 Thus shall I one more precious relique bear,
 And, though in absence, soothing hope obtain ;
 Now, fond deceit of woe ! thy lock I wear
 Close to my bosom prest, but prest in vain.

SONNET

S O N N E T VII.

To LEONORA.

SINCE Beauty, Softness, Elegance combined
 Bless in one perfect form our dazzled sight ;
 Since Goodness, Sweetness, Wisdom, Wit, have joined
 Her mind to render as her person bright ;
 Since (that dear breast to tender thoughts inclined)
 Sighing, she owns my love she cannot flight ;
 Then Prudence ! blame me not, whom now you find
 An ardent lover where such charms invite.
 When I your picture, Leonora, drew,
 Affection every vivid colour brought :
 Yet Envy frowning owned the likeness true,
 And Love thus blessed the Painter he had taught,
 That you to me, dear girl, as I to you,
 Should constant prove in word, in deed, in thought.

SONNET

S O N N E T VIII.

O FOR Oblivion's friendly draught, to heal
The ceaseless anguish of my wounded breast!

The pains, alas! that I in absence feel

By no less lenient balm can be repress:

Happy the youth that boldly may reveal

The truth his eyes already have confess,

For sure it doubles sorrow to conceal

The latent wound that robs the soul of rest!

Love, hidden Love does all my peace destroy;

In silent grief my bloom of youth decays;

I every hope resign of every joy

To gain a fading wreath of empty praise,

While Honour bids me, like the Spartan boy,

'Till Death conceal what on my vitals preys.

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SONNET I.

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